Prince. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeare before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglaſſe*, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll kilies a Sparrow flying.

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prince. So did he neuer t

Fal. Well, that raſcall ha runne.

Prince. Why what a raſc running?

Fal. A horſe-backe (yee budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſt

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſ *Mordake*, and a thouſand b away by night, thy fathers b you may buy Land now as c

Prin. Then t'is like, if the buffeting hold, wee ſhall bu nailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe lad, th good trading that way. But feard? thou being Heire ap out three ſuch Enemies agai *Percy*, and that diuell *Glend* doth not thy blood thrill at

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I

Fal. Well, thou wilt be thou commeſt to thy Fathe anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand fo the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: th ger my Scepter, and this C

Prin. Thy State is taken ter for a leaden Dagger, and tifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire now ſhalt thou be moued. mine eyes looke redde, th For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion vaine.

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